

Y. POLICEMAN BROKE; NOW HEAD TRAPPIST MONK

Leif. Kenny, Driven Off the
Force, Devotes His Life
to Religion.

PRAYS 7 HOURS A DAY.

Takes a Vow of Silence and
May Never Speak as Long
as He Lives.

This is the strange story of a modern man who put to himself the old question, "What shall I do with my life?" and found the answer in the most arduous of all human activities.

The man's name is Edward Kenny. He began his career on the New York police force; he is now the head of the largest Trappist monastery in America. As most people know, the members of the Trappist order, in addition to the usual deprivations of convent life, take a vow of everlasting silence.

This "Garden of Allah" story turned backward was told yesterday by a priest of the Catholic Church, who has ample proof of all its details, but who, for purely personal reasons, desires that his own name shall not be mentioned. Here is his account:

BORN ON A FARM ON MORNING-SIDE HEIGHTS.

"Edward Kenny was born on Morning-side Heights in 1881. That part of New York was very little built up at that period, and Edward's father was small farmer and teamster. An old man who remembers the family says that they were all noted for their thrift and energy. The father began with a small plot of land and only one horse. Soon he bought a cow and a pig, then another horse, then still a third, until he was making an excellent living from his teaming and the produce of his farm, to which he gradually added more land.

"The second son, Edward, seemed to have a double-distilled dose of the family 'push.' He didn't stay in school very long, because much schooling was of less importance in the days when it is now, and he wanted to get to work and earn some money. At first he drove the old stage coach which went through Morning-side Heights along Broadway, or, as it was then called, 'the road to Albany.' This road went past his father's front door.

"But one bright morning, as he stood on his father's front steps he glanced across at the small house opposite that had been empty for years and saw a charming young woman. She was sweeping her front steps, for a new family had just moved in. Red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and with a bunch of brown curls at the back of her pretty neck, she seemed the most beautiful thing that had ever come into Edward's world. And, being an impulsive young man, he didn't wait long to tell her so.

PIRED BY AMBITION TO HAVE A HOME OF HIS OWN.

"At that time he was just twenty-one, and the job of assistant stage-driver didn't seem big enough to marry on. Being as proud as he was ambitious, he wanted to set up a home of his own, with plenty of furniture and a nice bit of land, instead of taking his bride to his father's house, as is the custom with many young men when they marry. Also, aside from financial returns, he couldn't see any future as driver of the stage-coach. He talked pretty freely of his plans for the future, and they didn't stop short of Albany. Some day he told Mary, his sweetheart, she should be mistress of the White House before he was through.

"He concluded that the first step must be to join the police force. He was a husky young fellow, standing six feet in his stockings and weighing a hundred and seventy-five, without an extra ounce on him, so he had no difficulty at all in passing the examinations and being taken on as a patrolman. He was sure he wouldn't stay long in that rank, and he conceived that it would be a short and easy step from a police inspectorship into politics. This was in 1901.

DOES HIS DUTY AND MORE ON POST.

"Therefore he began in the time-approved fashion by not only doing the bare duties required of him, but always trying to do just a little bit more. He literally didn't measure his work by the time-clock, and unfortunately for him he soon discovered that others were acting on the same principle—with a difference. He himself always stayed on duty at least a few minutes longer than his regular hours. He soon learned that others cut the time down to less than they should. He noticed that the patrolman almost always went off his beat before his successor appeared. Sometimes there would be as much as half an hour between the shifting of the men, when the beat was left quite unguarded. As no crimes had yet taken place in these stolen half-hours, there had been no public outcry.

"Kenny, without giving his reasons, got himself shifted about from one station house to another, and discovered that in almost every district of the city there were at least one or two men who worked this dangerous trick regularly. Finally, after he had been on the force six months and accumulated sufficient evidence, he put in a complaint at headquarters, mentioning names. There was a great outcry, a grand scandal, and sixteen men were discharged. Kenny was promoted to a lieutenant.

"But after that there were sixteen

New Pilgrim's Progress---Priscilla Goes Into the Camp of the Anti-Suffragists

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There the Pilgrim Beareth that a Kiss Is
Better Argument than a Vote, but Ignor-
eth Such a Saying and Maketh Retort of
a Peppery Nature.

Incensed by the Words That Platitude,
Mush, Gush and Slush Utter, Priscilla
Declareth She Will Be a Suffragette and
Calleth for a Button.

SEVENTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES
BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

When the Pilgrim journeyed from the home of Social Summit—headquarters of Suffrage—to the abode of Social Pinnacle—inner circle of Anti-Suffrage—she felt as if she were leaping from crag to crag of the Delectable Mountains of Society, and the altitude dazed her. Well it might.

To be transported suddenly into an atmosphere 6,000 feet above the ordinary social level is just as disturbing as to journey from New York into the rarified air of Colorado Springs, 6,000 feet above the sea level.

It was some time before Priscilla got either her breath or her bearings in the home of Social Pinnacle, and when she did, she found herself surrounded by a flock of well-gowned women and one tottering old gentleman, who was introduced as Platitude, and who, in the quality of shepherd, beamed benevolently in all directions on the meek ewe lambs whom he was endeavoring to keep within the fold of True Womanliness.

"I am, indeed, glad to meet you, my dear child," said Platitude, taking Priscilla's hand in his. "My dear friend, Anti-Suffragist, tells me that you are a brand rescued from the burning; that she found you attending a meeting of those misguided women who are endeavoring to assert their equality with man in defiance of the belief and practice of centuries. And who is this lady with you? I trust another recruit to the forces gathered to preserve the home."

PLATITUDE FINDS COLDNESS IN WORLDLY WISE WOMAN.

So saying, Platitude extended a friendly hand to worldly Wise Woman, but noting suddenly the sternness of her eye and the coldness of her demeanor changed its course, plunging his fingers into his long, grizzled primeval whiskers that swept the floor.

"We have met before," said worldly Wise Woman coldly, "but I am most anxious that my little friend the Pilgrim should make the acquaintance of your three charming daughters." And she motioned to three elderly maidens who hovered meekly in the rear of Platitude.

"Pilgrim, my daughters," said Platitude, complying with worldly Wise Woman's request. "Every true woman is the better for meeting them," and then indicating by name each of the three simpering spinsters, he added:

"My daughter Mush, my daughter Gush, my daughter Slush—the matchless triplets who have de-

men in New York City, not counting their friends, who had it in for the men, who had informed against them. They couldn't do anything through the department, for the affair had gotten into the papers and Kenny was a popular hero. This is what they did do. They waited several months until his suspicions were lulled. Then, one day in early summer, he was assigned to special duty at a civic picnic in Lion Park, a big pleasure ground which then lay at Seventy-second street and Broadway.

"These sixteen enemies of Kenny hid all day in a cave in an obscure section of the park. In the evening, at about the hour when they knew he would appear on his final round, two of them began fighting and rioting. Of course he heard, and didn't hesitate to enter the moment he was inside one man sprang for the door and set his back against it. The other fifteen piled on Kenny. Under threat of instant death he was compelled to write, address and seal his resignation from the force. He was also compelled to drink a glass of whiskey which had been doped. The next day he was found by a brother officer, apparently dead drunk, and none of his explanations was believed. Because of his good record his resignation was allowed to stand, but the story got out and the man was disgraced. His fiancée would have nothing more to say to him, and even his family were not too kind.

"In a half-hearted way he tried for work, but no one wanted a disgraced policeman. He spent most of his time brooding by a little old grave, which dated back to 1774, located near where Grant's Tomb now stands. Four years ago it was still there. This unjustly persecuted man gazed out over the Hudson and decided against the value of a struggle in a world of wickedness

the limelight or any deeper into the mud if you had a vote?"

Mush did not answer, but Slush took up the cudgels for her sister.

A KISS IS A BETTER ARGUMENT THAN A VOTE.

"We prefer babies to ballots," she answered in syrupy accents.

"A kiss is a much better argument than a vote, anyway!" exclaimed Gush. "Don't you think -- dear?" she added laying a lean hand on Priscilla's arm.

But the Pilgrim, whose face had flushed hotly during the heated colloquy between Slush and worldly Wise Woman, drew back.

"I think when a kiss is made an argument it is one of the most immoral things in the world," she said disgustedly, and turned away.

"Nonsense, my dear," called Anti-Suffragist, running after her. "When you grow older you will learn how true it is that women have always ruled the world, but never with their heads. Come with me, I want you to meet my dear friend, Professional Mother."

And she guided Priscilla into the presence of a handsome, middle-aged woman who was telling a group of admirers that she did not want to vote because her husband and sons loved and honored her so much that they always put on her shoes for her.

WORLDLY WISE WOMAN EXHIBITS HER SCORN.

Worldly Wise Woman's eye fired and her lip curled scornfully as she heard this statement.

"You will hardly state that such a happy condition of affairs is a general enough to constitute an argument," she said to Professional Mother.

"Would that it were!" Professional Mother answered. "But till all women are capable of inspiring such devotion in their husbands I do not believe that they should be allowed to vote. You see, dear," she added condescendingly to worldly Wise Woman, "it is not as if they were all educated women like you and me."

"Do you know that 25 per cent. of the 8,000,000 working women the suffragists talk so much about are ignorant servant girls? What good would it do me to have a ballot when the seven maids I employ could outvote me 7 to 1?"

As Priscilla gazed at this maker of this extraordinarily frank confession of snobishness, there was a sudden stir in the little circle and a maid entered to summon Professional Mother to the telephone. Professional Mother walked away with her professional motherly air, which proclaimed the ex-

clusive copyright and patent which she felt she had acquired in maternity, but when she returned a few moments later she was less serene.

"How provoking!" she exclaimed. "My maid has just telephoned that the baby has the colic, and I'm leaving town on the 5.17 this evening to deliver a lecture in St. Paul on the 'Sanctity of the Home.' Now, I'll have to fuss around and find a trained nurse before I go."

At this moment a slight tull in the conversation permitted the Pilgrim to hear a remark poured by Ant into the sympathetic ears of Platitude.

"Who will mind the baby when women go to the polls?" wailed Ant.

"Who, indeed?" echoed Platitude as Professional Mother hurried off to catch her train.

Priscilla turned pleadingly to worldly Wise Woman. "I have looked and looked and asked and asked, but I find neither Love nor Happiness nor True Womanliness here," she said. "Let us look elsewhere."

PRISCILLA IS DISAPPOINTED AND VOICES A WAIL.

As they moved toward the door they found themselves surrounded once more by the three old maid daughters of Platitude, Mush, Gush and Slush.

"Sign the anti-suffrage petition," urged Slush.

"Please subscribe to the Society for the Preservation of the Home," murmured Mush.

"Oh, do buy one of these cute little golden chains that symbolize woman's place on earth," gurgled Gush.

But the Pilgrim turned wearily away and throwing herself into the arms of worldly Wise Woman exclaimed:

"Take me where I can buy a suffrage button and wear it next my heart, and if you ever bring me to a place like this again I'll take to smashing windows and throwing cobble stones."

And so saying Pilgrim, accompanied by worldly Wise Woman, journeyed on to the next adventure.

CHURCHILL OWES \$100,000 ON BIG BROADWAY PLACE

Committee of Creditors Take
Charge of Restaurant Busi-
ness But He Will Be Manager

James Churchill, who used to be the Chesterfield of the police force, and who when he threw off the blue and brass began running Broadway lobster palaces, is in financial straits according to his creditors, although the business from the restaurants at Broadway and Forty-ninth street should net from \$60,000 to \$75,000 a year. A committee formed of men to whom the former police sergeant is indebted will run the business for a time, and "Capt. Jim," as he has come to be called, will be the manager at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

Largely through carelessness, say the creditors, there is something like \$100,000 in claims outstanding against Churchill. Instead of closing in on him, the creditors thought it would be well to run the restaurant according to their own methods. "Capt. Jim" was agreeable. He was told he could have a salary—not as much as he has been taking out of the business, of course. It is believed that in a year or so the debts can be paid. The restaurant would then be turned over to him so that he might try again.

THE MEN WHO WILL SUPERVISE CHURCHILL'S.

The committee which will supervise Churchill's is composed of J. W. Buchner of the Park and Tifford Company; J. E. Dorian of the Brady Building Company; Nathan Schweitzer, a poultry merchant, and James Howard of the Howard Baking Company.

"We have decided that Mr. Churchill was not in some respects a good manager," said Mr. Howard today. "He has a good business, but he does not seem to get enough money out of it. There has been carelessness in the payment of some of the debts. We have simply taken hold for Mr. Churchill's own good. He was willing and in the end all will be better off."

Irving L. Ernest of No. 170 Broadway, counsel for two of the largest creditors, said the appointment of the committee was not due to any business troubles, as the business was paying well, but creditors thought Mr. Churchill was taking too much money out of the restaurant.

The lease of the place—which has fifty-three years to run—is very valuable. Part of the building has been sublet, so that the rent is only \$4,500 a year to the corporation.

The new Churchill's was opened in

July, 1910. Churchill had previously owned the Cafe Madrid, which he was reported to have sold for \$150,000. For a long time Churchill fought off putting the cabaret shows in his new restaurant. When he saw that the shows were attractions in other restaurants he started in to outfit them all with elaborate entertainments.

NEW ROYALTY AT CONEY.
Crowning Takes Place at Purim Ball Thursday Night.

A new royal family will hold sway over many subjects from Coney Island and elsewhere on Thursday night when the Coney Island Hebrew Association will hold its annual Purim ball in

Stauch's pavilion. The proceeds will be donated to charity.

The royalty will be crowned by Borough President Alfred E. Steers and Louis H. Founds, Commissioner of Highways.

David Schwartz will be the king, and the queen will be Fanny Wolf. George Scherzer will be the prince and Lillian Mandelbaum the princess. J. E. Warshawsky, chairman of the committee of arrangements, says that the ball will be the biggest Coney Island has ever seen.

Another Victim of West Side Fire.

Michael Morarty, forty years old, died today in the Hudson Street Hospital. He is the third victim of the fire which wrecked the boarding-house at No. 178 West street yesterday morning.

Style Notes by Madame Louise



UNCERTAINTY REGARDING next season's dress styles there may be, but there is no excuse for hesitancy on the question of shoes. You will always find at the Queen Quality Boot Shop not only comfortable, good-looking footwear, but the mode of the moment.

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PRICES RANGE FROM \$3.50 to \$5.00.

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| 10-inch... \$6.00 value..... | 3.00 | 22-inch... \$12.00 value..... | 7.50 |
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